

Vox & Lacrimæ Anglorum:

Or,

The true English-mens
COMPLAINTS,

To their Representatives in
P A R L I A M E N T.

Humbly tendered to their serious Con-
sideration at there next sitting,

February the 6th 1668.

The second Edition, with Marginal remarks
explaining the Historical Passages.

*By reason of the Multitude of Oppressions, they
make the oppressed to cry. They cry out, by reason
Of the Arm of the Mighty. Job 35. 9.*

*And in every Province whithersoever the Kings
Commandement, and his Decree came, there
was great Mourning, and Fasting, and weeping
and VVailing. Esth. 4. 3.*

Printed in the Year 1668.

To the Parliament.

THese Lines had kiss'd your Hands October last,
But were suspended till the time was past;
Because we hop'd you were about to do
That which this just Complaint incites you to;
It is our duty, to put you in mind
Of that great VVork which yet doth lag behind;
Our Grief and VVo'es do force us loud to cry,
And call on you for speedy Remedy:
VVhich was the moving Cause of these our Tears,
That you may know our Sufferings and our Fears,
And Providence now having led the way
To give it birth; peruse it well we pray.
And do not take it for an old VVives story,
But know the Nations Grievs lie here before ye
Though in short hints, yet here, as in a Map.
VVith ease you'l see the cause of our Mishap.

There's not a free-born English Protestant,
But sets both hand and heart to this Complaint.

Vox & Lacrymæ Anglorum.

R Enouwned Patriots, open your Eyes,
 And lend an ear to th' Justice of our cries;
 As you are *English Men* (our blood & bones)
 Know 't is your duty to regard our Groans;
 On you, next God, our confidence relies;
 You are the Bulwarks of our Liberties.
 Within your Walls was voted-in our King,
 For joy whereof our shouts made *England* ring,
 And to make him a great and glorious Prince,
 Both you and we have been at great expence.
 Full *Five and twenty hundred thousand pound*,
 (By you enacted) since hath been paid down.
 Our *Customs* to a vast renew come;
 Our *Fishing - money*, no inferiour sum.
 That old Ale - spoiling trade of the *Excise*,
 Doth yearly to a mass of money rise;
 Besides the *Additional of Royal Aid*,
 And *Chimney - money*, which is yearly paid.
 Oft have our heads by *Polls* been sadly shorn,
 With money from poor *Servants Wages* torn.
 Our *Dunkirk* yeelded many a thousand pound,
 ('Tis easier far to sell than gain a Town.)
 With *forc'd Benevolence*, and other things,
 Enough t'enrich a dozen *Danish Kings*.
 Million on million on the Nations back,
 Yet wee and all our Freedoms go to wrack.
 We hop'd when first these heavy Taxes rose,
 Some should be us'd to scare away our foes,

(a) Burnt
by the
Dutch in
Chattam
River.

Or beat them, till (like *Gibeonites*) they bring
Their *Grandeers* ready haltred to our King;
Or make them buckle, and their points untruss,
As they did when the Motto, *God with Vs*.
But Oh! instead of this, our cruel Fate
Hath made us like a Widow, desolate.
Our houses sadly burnt about our ears,
Our Wives and Children senseless made with fears;
Our Warlike Ships, in which our safety lay,
Uunto our daring foes are made (a) a prey.
Our Forts and Castles, which should guard our land,
Just like old Nunneries and Abbies stand.
And long before our Inland - Towns demur'd,
That Sea and Land alike might be secur'd.
Our *Magazines*, which did abound with store,
Like us (sad English-men) are very poor.
Our Trade is lost, our *Marchants* are undone,
Yeomen and *Farmers*, all to Ruine run.
Those that our fatal Battels fought, neglected;
And *sweating*, *damme*, cowardly *Rogues* protected.
Our gallant *Seamen* (once the world did dread)
For want of Pay, are metamorphos'd:
Whilst their sad Widows and poor Orphans weep,
Whose dear Relations perisht in the deep;
And to augment and aggravate their grief,
At the Pay-office find but cold relief;
Many a month are forc'd to wait and stay,
To seek the price of blood, dead Husbands pay.
The sober People, who our Trade advanced.
Throughout our Nation quite discountenanced.
It grieves our hearts that whe should live to see
True *Virtue* punished, and *Vice* go free,
Thousands there be that could nor hurt a worm,
Imprisoned were, 'cause they cannot conform.

Others

Others exil'd, and from Relations sent;
 We know not why, but being innocent.
 Whilst *Romes black Locusts* menace us with storms
 Like *Egypt's Frogs*, about the Kingdom swarms.
 Our penal Laws are never executed
 Against those Vermin, which our Land polluted:
 Only to blind and hoodwink us (alas)
 An Edict passes to prohibit Mass,
 With such a latitude, as most men say,
 It 's like its Sire, the Oath *Et cetera*.

But prais'd be God for *Peace*, that 's very clear;
 But on what terms th' Event will make appear;
 We dread lest it should be more to our cost,
 Than when *Amboyna's* Spicery was lost.

They treat with (b) *Rod in hand*; (c) our *Buttocks b. are*;
 Judge what the issues of such Treaties are.

Thus sick, ye Worthies, sick our Nation lies,
 And none but God can cure her maladies,
 Those that should chear her in your interval,
 Like dull *Quack-salvers*, make her spirits (d) fail:
 Turn she her wither'd face to whom she will,
 All that she gets is but a purging Pill,
 If any of her Children for her cry,
 Her cruel *Empricks* use Phlebotomy.

That wholsom Physick which should cleanse her
 They do detain, inflaming what is good (blood,
 This for a long time hath bad humours bred,
 which sends up filthy vapours to the head.
 All wise men judge, if these extreame endure;
 'T will period in a mad-brain'd *Calenture*.

Then, O ye worthies, now for Heayens sake,
 Some pity on your gasping Country take.
 Call to account those Leeches of the State,
 Who from their trust deeply prevaricate;

(b) They
 with 100.
 Sail of ships
 upon our
 Coast.

(c) We
 with a few
 Courtiers
 attending
 the Amba-
 sad. at Bre-
 da, & our
 Coast bare
 of any
 guard.

(d) Wit-
 ness their
 running
 from Char-
 tham to
 London,
 which
 made the
 people
 faint when
 the Dutch
 landed.

(e) King
Rich. I. imprisoned
by the
Emp Hen-
ry, let at li-
berty upon
Articles:
Viz pay-
ing 100000
PoundSter-
ling, &c.
Speed. 9.
Book, 7.
Chap. Sent.
46.

Who have of English Coin exhausted more,
Than would ten (e) *Cuer-de Lions* home restore;
who like pertideous and deceitful Elves,
Ruine the Nation to enrich themselves;
More ready were our Counsels to disclose,
Then to protect us from our *Belgian* foes.
The Fleet divided, shews such treachery,
That *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Infidels* decry,
The States Purse cannot but be indigent,
When so much money over-Sea is sent.
No wonder *Dutchmen* cry, *Thanks Clarendine*,
We are so roundly paid with English Coin.
If *Georges* mouth be stop't, think they that we
Have all our eyes bor'd out, and cannot see.
Our foes of English Coin have greater store
Since wars began, then ere they had before.
Quaint stratagem, for Rulers busied be

(f) To
marry the
Chancelors
Daughter to
the P. of
Or.

To tie a (f) *raw Hide* to an *Orange Tree*;
with resolution, 'cause he's of that blood,
To lift his head above the *Megan* hood.
Then both the *Kiepskins* would be well bestow'd,
One honour'd here, t'other as much abroad.
These and such Projects have procur'd a war,
where mortals worry'd were like Dog and Beer,
Then money works the wonder, that is sure,
The price of *Dunkirk* here may much procure.
Dunkirk was sold, but why, we do not know,
Unless t'ere's a new *Seraglio*,
Or be a receptacle unto those,
were once intended our invading foes,
Then let that treacherous Abject Lump of Pride,
with all his joint Confederates beside,
Ie brought to justice, tryed by our Laws,
And so receive the merits of their Cause.

who

who justly now are made the peoples hate,
That would not do them Justice in the Gate.

We pray your Honours choose out a *Committee*

To find the Instruments that (g) *burnt out City*;

Can one poor senseless Frenchmans life repair

The losse of *Britains* great Imperial Chair?

Many there were in that vile fact detected,

And those that should them *punish*, them *protected*.

when (h) *Nero* did the like on famous *Rome*,

were all her Senators and People dumb?

Must we be silent, when incompass round (found)

with black-mouth'd Dogs, that would us all con-

Most hellish Plot! 't was (i) *Guido Faux* in grain,

Hatch'd by the Jesuites in *France* and *Spain*,

For which your Honours wisely did remember

To keep another fifth day of *November*.

when these Delinquents up and down the Nation

You sifted for, then came your Prorogation.

Mean while, though *London* in her ashes lies,

Yet out of her shall such a Phoenix rise,

Shall be a scourge and terrour unto those,

who for this hundred years have been her foes,

Perfidious *Papists*! shall your treachery,

Think ye, reduce us to Idoltry?

Blood-thirsty Monsters! we know better things;

Not all the pride of your dark-lanthorn Kings,

Nor all your Councils of *Achitophel*,

Shall make us run your ready road to Hell;

Blind Blockheads! we abhor your rotten whore;

None but the God of *Jacob* we adore.

then laid it to the charge of Christians, putting them to cruel deaths for it: But ours did not so.

(i) The chief Actor in the Papist powder plot in King James days.

(g) Burnt by Papists, for which one French man was hangd, not for doing, but publickly confessing it, who being tormented in conscience for it, surrendered himself to Justice. but divers others apprehended in the fact were let goe by the guards; see the Examinations before the Parliament in Print, in Dutch and English.

(h) Nero set Rome on fire, &c.

We beg your Honours to redeem our Trade,
which in your Intervals is much decay'd;
Regaining that, we hope such fruit 'twill yeeld,
we on our Ruins chearfully may build.

(k) Which
fines men
5 Pound
for meet-
ing to serve
good a-
bove 5. in
number
out of the
Episcopal
Churches,
for the first
time 3.
months
imprison-
ment, two
Pound or
6 months
imprisonm
for the 2.
time and
Banish-
ment into
West- In-
dian En-
glish Plan-
tations for
the 3 fault
to be sold for 7 Years slavery if they pai not their freight.

We pray repeal that Law (k) *unnatural*,
That men in question for their Conscience call:
'Tis cruelty, for you to force men to
The thing, that they had rather die than do
This is mans All, 'tis Christ's Prerogative,
Therefore against it 'tis in vain to strive.

Distribute Justice with an equal hand
Unto the Peer, as Peasant of the Land;
Many true Commoners murder'd of late,
Yet Justice strikes not the Assassinate.
Why should the just Cause of the Clyent be
Utterly lost, wanting a double Fee?
why partial Iudges on the Benches sit,
And Iuries overaw'd, which is not fit?
why some corrupted, others wanting wit,
And why a Parliament should suffer it?
why great mens wils should be their only Law,
And why they do not call to mind (l) *Jack Straw*?
why they do let their Reputation rot,
And why (m) *Cammarvan Edward* is forgot?
why (n) *Bloodworth* would not let that dreadful Fire
Extinguish t be, as good men did desire?

(l) The head of an insurrection in Rich II. days upon harred conceived
against the K. favorite, whom they charged of the occasion of a Tax levied
by poel upon all Persons from 6. Yeares of age.

(m) Edw II. who was so resolutely bent to maintain Pierce of Gaveston his
favorite, and after him the Spenfers, that he hazarded wars Severall times
against all his Nobles rather then forgoe his favorits, and at last overcome by
the Queen and his son, and by the Parliament depos'd, and his son Edw. III.
crowned. See speed Book. 9. chap. 11.

(n) The I. Mayor by Guards kept the People from pulling down houses by
which

which the fire might have been stoppt. And the K. lifeguard stoppt the Carrs from going out with goods, unless the vwooners had money in their pakets to redeem them.

And why Lifeguard - men at each Gate were set,
Hindring the People thence their goods to get?
why were our Houses, leuell'd with the ground,
That fairly stood (o) about the *Tower* round,
when many thousand Families were left
whithout a house, then we must be bereft
Of habitations too with all the rest,

And share with those that greatly were distrest.
why should our *Mother-Queen* exhaust our store,
Enriching *France*, and making *England* poor
Spending our Treasure in a forreign Land,
which doth not with our Nations Intrest stand?
Therefore in time stay th'bleeding of this vein,
Lest it our Nations vital spirits drain.

why *England* now, as in the dayes of yore,
Must have an Intercessor, (p) *Madam Shore*?
why upon her is spent more in a day,
Than would a deal of publick charge defray?

Why second (q) *Rosamond* is made away?
And that remains a Riddle to this day,

Wy *Papists* put in places of great trust,
And *Protestants* lay by their Arms to rust;

why *Courtiers* rant with Goods of other mens,
And with Protections cheat the *Citizens*?

Why drunken Justices are tolerated,
And why the Gospel's almost abrogated?
Why Clergy-men do domineer soo high,
That should be patterns of humility?

patched, as the Dutcheff served *Madam Denhan* lately.

(o) Sever-
al 100.
houses pul-
led down
by order
from K.
and Coun-
cil, while
1000. s.
wanted ha-
bitations.

(p) Edw.
IV. Concu-
bine, whom
Madam
Palmer
now suc-
ceeds in
that office.

(q) Par
amour to
Henr. II.
vvhom the
Queen
finding in
her laby-
rinth, dis-

Why they do Steeple upon Steeple set,
 As if they meant that way to Heav'n to get?
 Who nothing have to prove themselves devout,
 Save only this, that *Cromwel* turn'd them out,
 Why Tippits, Copes, Lawnsleeves & such like geer
 Consume above three millions by the year?
 Why *Bell and Dragon Drones*, like Boar in sty,
 Eat more than all the painful Ministry?
 Which is one cause the Nation is so poor,
 And when the King will find their *privy Door*?
 When *Daniel* shews th' impression of their feet,
 And gives direction, then hee'l come to see't,
 Why *Englands* grand Religion now should be
 A Stalking-Horse to blind Idolatry?
 Why many thousand now bow down before it,
 That in their Consciencs do much abhor it?
 Why Treachery is us'd by Complication,
 Fraud and Deceit the *all-a-mood* in fashion?
 Why panting Cowards in Buff coats are put,
 And why they Robbers turn, to fill their gut?
 Why Fools in Corporations do command;
 Who know nor Justice, nor the Law o'th Land?
 Why he who brought our necks into this Yoke,
 Dreads not the thoughts of *Helens* fatal stroke!
 Sure they'r bewitch'd who think us *Englishmen*
 Have no more courage left us than a Hen.
 And why that Interest is become the least,
 In the year *Sixty* greater than the rest?
 We know no reason, but do all consent,
 These are the fruits of an Ill Government.

Some think our Judgments do run parallel
 With *Dauids* in the dayes of *Israel*,
 The difference is, he was a Man of God;
 But ours have been his sore afflicting Rod;

To which we turn our naked backs, and say,
Lord, during thy pleasure, *Vive le Roy.*

We pray restore our *faithful Ministers*,
Whom we do own as Christ's Ambassadors,
Why are our Pulpits pestred with that Crew,
That took up Orders since *black Bartholmen*;
who Mysteries of Gospel know no more,
Than that dumb Calf that *Israel* did adore,
Too late for us to you to make our moan,
When they have led us to destruction.

Must all be enemies to King and State,
That from the Church of *England* separate?
Must all the Meetings of the *Innocent*
Be judg'd unlawful and to Prison sent:

'Twere better all such Edicts you made void,
And grant the Liberty they once enjoy'd;
Confirming that unto them by a Law,
Makes good the Royal Promise at *Breda*,

Tread all *Monopolies* into the Earth,
And make provision that no more get birth,
In this a Prince's danger chiefly lies,
That he is forc'd to see with others eyes.

From hence our Troubles rose in *Forty one*,
When that Domestick War at first begun.

Relieve th' Oppressed, set all Prisoners free,
Who for their Consciences in durance be.
Poor Debtors who have not wherewith to pay,
Break off their Shackles, let them go their way.
And let suborned Witnesses appear
No more against the Innocent to swear.

Let no more Juries that are byassed,
Selected be to do what they are bid;
Who to fulfill mens Lusts and Cruelty,
Regard not though the Innocent do dye.

Why

why should our just Laws as a Cobweb be,
 To catch small flies, and let the great goe free:
 This *turns true judgment into wormwood gall*,
 Doth for the *Vengeance* of th' *Avenge* call.
 Then ease those *Burdens* under which we groan,
 Give *Liberty* its Resurrection.

Let painful *Husbandry*, the Child of Peace,
 Be now encouraged, since wars do cease;
 Let not the poor enslaved Plow-man crave
 Redress from you, and no succour have.
 'Tis too much like a base *French stratagem*,
 To make the People poor to govern them.
 More happy for a Prince, when Aid he craves,
 To hav't from free-born men, than injur'd slaves.
 we are free-born, we yet are *English-men*,
 Let's not like old men boast what we have been;
 But make us happy by your gentle Rayes,
 And You shall be the tenour of our Prayse;
 And our posterities with joynt consent,
 Shall call you *Englands healing Parliament*:

But if you still will make our Bands the stronger,
 If Prisoners must remain in durance longer;
 If wandring Stars must still by force detrude
 (Under Eclipse) those of first Magnitude;
 If *Prelates* still must ov'r our Conscience ride,
 And *Papists* bonfires make on us beside.
 If he and they (whose Avarice and Pride
 Solong have rid our backs, and gall'd our side)
 Have got so strong an intrest in the State,
 That their Commitment costs so long debate;
 Until a way be made for his escape
 To forreign parts, there to negotiate:
 The edge of Justice surely's turn'd aside,
 To cut the poor ones flesh, and save the *Hide*.

If you mens Lusts and Av'rice gratifie,
 And yet our empy Purse-strings will unty;
 You are too free of what nev'r was your own,
 And know you only make us more to groan,
 (Assè-like;) and surely any mortall man,
 Will seek to ease his burden when he can.
 There's not an *Englishman* but well hath learn'd,
 Your Priviledges are alike concern'd
 With all our Liberties; That he that doth
 Infringe the one, usurps upon them both.
 And shall it on your Door and Tombs be writ,
This was that Parliament so long did sit,
While Conscience, Liberty, our Purse and Trade,
The Country, City, Ships, and All's betray'd?
That made an Act for building on the Urn,
But no Inquest who did the City burn,
To feed a Palmer-worm, who threw away
That publick stock that Seamen should defray:
 Since now you have an opportunity,
 Redeem your selves and us from Slavery:
 If not, (the wheel goes round) there is no doubt,
 You'l also share with those you have turn'd out.

Vivat Lex Rex.

P O S T - S C R I P T.

Ere you leave us in a lasting-Peace,
 'Tis by redressing all our Grievances.
 When Rulers stop their ears to th'Peoples cries,
 Those are sad symptoms of *Catastrophes*.
 In Watch, or Clock, things made irregular,
 Though ne're so small, make all the work to jar.
 And

And in the Body Natural 'tis found,
 That if an Humour doth therein abound,
That the Physician must extenuate,
 And make it with the rest co-operate.
 So, if in Bodies Politick there be,
 Not found 'twixt all Estates a harmony,
 They cease not till in tract of time they bring
 All to Confusion, *Peasants, Lord and King*.
 To make some great, and ruine all the rest,
 In this a Commonwealth cannot be blest.
 And doth it follow hence, *great Sirs*, that we
 Must be made Beggars to posteritie.
 Let Equity and Justice plead our Cause,
 And then refer us to our antient Laws.
 If *Magna Charta* must be wholly slighted,
 We must conclude our Rulers are benighted.

But needs must we be poor, when it is known

(r) The favorit of
 Edvv. II.
 vvho vvvas
 banished in
 his fathers
 days, vvho
 command-
 ed him up-
 on paine of
 his curse
 not to call
 him home
 vvithout
 the consent of his Nobles: But he immediatly did and exalted him above all his
 Peers. Against vvhom they combined & made the K. banish & swear never
 to call him back, vvwhich aftervvards he did once and tvvice, and suffered
 in Land vvwar for this Villain, but the Barons vvvere Victors, & took this Pierce
 and cut him in pieces afire. Let K. favorits learn to be modest.

We've had a second (r) *Peace of Gaveston*
 Your Power is souveraign, else we durst not quote
 His poysonous name, without an *Antidote*
 Perfideous *Clarendon*! that potent Thief,
 His Prince's blemish, and the Peoples grief.
 Who once did scorn to plunder by retail.
 vvho stretch'd the State's purse till the strings did fail
 He and his fellow Iuglers found the knack
 To plow deep furrows on the Nations back.
 Like Glaziars, vvho incite the roaring Crew
 Windows to break, that they may make them new

so they pick Quarrels with our Neighbor Nations;
Then *haul* at you to peel us with *Taxations*;
which having got, stil more and more they crave;
Ev'n like the Horseleech, or devouring Grave.

For Avarice cannot be satisf'd,
No more than *Belzebub* and 's Brother *Hide*.

That *Machiavil* we have not yet forgot,
Who brew'd that wicked, hellish *Northern Plot*;

where many Gentlemen had ruin'd been,
If Providence had not stept in be ween.

Who then amongst your selves secure can be,
If this be not check'd by *Authoritie*?

He was one of that open-handed Tribe
Whose Avarice ne're yet refus'd a Bribe.

What suit of Law soev'r before him came,
He that produc'd most Angels, won the Game;

Be't right or wrong, or Plaintiff or Defendant,
Should have the Cause, if *Gold* were at the end on't.

How did he send, without remorse or fear,

Thousands brave *English* to that Grave, *Tangier*?

what usage had the *Scots*, thousands can tell,

when the late *Remonstrators* did rebel.

whilst *Irish Rebels* quit their old *O'hore*,

Poor *English Protestants* take up that tone.

(s) *Empson* and *udly's* facts compar'd with his,
were but nights darkness unto Hells Abiss.

The famous (t) *Spensers* did in type pourtray

what should be acted by this Beast of prey.

Earth him, and you shall find within his Cell,

Those mischiefs which no Age can parallel;

pretence of Lavv; to Enrich the K. See Lord Verul. Hist. of Henr. VII.

(t) The Successors of P. Gaveston in Edw. II. reign at length vanquish'd
by the Queen. and shamefully put to death and the K. deposed, Speed
Book 9. Chap. 11. and 60.

(s) Two
Vexers and
Robbers of
the People
under
Henr. VII.
Reign,
Under

War, Fire and Blood, with vast expence of *Treasure*
Ruine of Englishmen, his chiefeft pleasure.

In fine, for Mifchief he was what you will,
 The *Perfect Epitome* of all ill.

All good men hate his Name; nay (which is worfe)

Three Nations doggs him with their heavy curfe.

As he regarded not the widdows tears;

So ye, juft Heavens, multiply his fears.

Let *Cains* moft dreadful doom foon overtake him,

And his companion *Gout* never forfake him.

Let Heavens Vengeance light upon his pate,

Till all our wrongs it doth retaliate;

Till he himfelf to Juftice doth refign;

Let all men call him, *Cursed Clarendone*.

Dexterous Artift, he with little eafe,

Transplanted (v) *Dunkirk* from beyond the Seas;

And dropt it near that fatal fpot of Land,

where for him now *Tyburn* doth weeping ftand;

The ecchoing Ax out of the *Tow'r* doth call,

To fpeed this Monfter *Epidemical*.

But he upon us having plaid his prank,

Follows his Brethren, *Finch* and *Windebank*,

Thus *Hide* by name, is *Hide* by praftice too,

Yet cannot hide from Heav'n, tho hid from Your:

And being gone, hath left his Imps behind,

whose only work is, all your Eyes to blind,

Lest tracing him, you find their villany,

Yet known to few but the All-feeing Eye.

If any thing of common fame be true,

He's only gone our Mifchiefs to renew;

And if his praftice juftify our fears,

Hee'll fet again together by the ears.

Ambition's of the nature of the Devil,

Alwayes to brood, and hatch, and bring forth evil.

If

(v) The
 Chancel-
 lers Houfe
 called by
 the People
Dunkirk
 Houfe jud-
 ging it
 built vvith
 the mony
 he stole out
 of the fale
 of *Dunkirk*

¶ If true that Maxime be, (x) *Kings cannot err*;
 with modesty we may from thence infer,
 Ill thrives that hapless Nation then that shows,
 A silent Prince, and Chancellor that crows
 Over his Equals, over all his Peers,
 Over *Fanaticks*, over *Cavaliers*;
 He was so absolute, 't was hard to say,
 Or he, or *Charles*, whether we must obey.
 Rose from a Gentleman, too near the *Throne*;
 Sought not the Nations Intrest, but his own.

(x) By
 this time
 think this
 appears to
 be an er-
 cor of the
 first magni-
 tude.

You are our Bridle in such *Tyrants jaws*,
 That would destroy us, and subvert our Laws.
 Now hold the Reign, now keep the Ballance true,
 Find those *Banderro's* that do lie perdue.
 If you, like *Cato*, for your Country stand,
 Three noble Nations are at your command;
 Whilst Justice, Truth & Right'ousness do guide you
 wee'l be your Guard, whatever shall betide you.

Disarm the Papists, and secure our Ports,
 Place Protestants in Garrisons and Forts.
 Why should the *French* and *Irish* here bear sway,
 That Enemies to *England* are this day?
 Let not our Magazines remain with those,
 That burnt our City, and abide our Foes;
 whose hellish, bloody principles are such,
 To butcher *English-men* they think not much.
 what Safety, Peace, or Trade can we expect,
 when these protected are, and you neglect
 Us to secure against such Cut-throat Dogs,
 As swarm now in our Land, like *Egypt's* Frogs?
 what means the flocking of the *French* so fast,
 Into our Bowels thus with Arms to hast?
 And must our Horses, which of value be,
 Be unto *France* transported, as we see?

Are

Are not our Forts and Castles, all betray'd;
 when all their Stores and Guns aside are laid
 Out of the reach of such as would oppose
 Forreign Enemies and Domestick Foes?
 Did the Dumb Child, when at his Father's throat
 He saw a Knife, "immediately cry out?
 Can we be silent, when the *Train* is laid,
 And *Fire-works* prepared, as 't is said?
 Look through the Vail, and you will soon espy
 The *Romish Councils* close at work do lie,
 To undermine You, and Religion too:
 Look well about you, lest you do it rue.
 Now is the time to quit your selves like men,
 Now stand up for our Liberties, and then,
 The Lawrel wreath and never-fading Bayes,
 Shall crown your heads, & we shall sing your praise.

*Is there no Balm in Gilead? is there no Physician there?
 Why then is not the health of the daughter of
 my people recovered?*

F I N I S.



roast

life.

re?